A

SKETCH

OF THE

ENTERTAINMENT,

NOW PERFORMING AT THE

ROYALTY THEATRE,

IN TWO PARTS:

CONSISTING OF

A PANTOMIMIC PRELUDIO,

AND THE

Paris Federation.

To which is added,

THE POPULAR FRENCH MUSIC,

Adapted to the HARPSICHORD.

LONDON:

TO BE HAD AT THE THEATRE,

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

1790.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PART I. — SCENE I.

THE curtain riſing diſcovers a ſaloon in *Pantaloon*'s houſe, with preparations for the celebration of the nuptials of the *Spaniſh Don* and *Colombine:* The *Don* is cordially received by *Pantaloon*. They are preparing to regale themſelves, when *Harlequin* diſcomforts them all by his appearance, and making various uſes of his power. At laſt, the *ſervants*, *friers*, and the whole company, aſſiſt at the taking of him. He is deprived by them of his magic ſword, and *Colombine* is left inconſolable for his loſs.

SCENE II.

Preſents a view of the outſide of *Pantaloon*'s houſe. *Harlequin*, diveſted of his power, is turned out of doors, while *Colombine* is ſeen

at the window, much concerned for his ſeparation from her. The *Clown* is left to guard the door; and *Harlequin*, eluding his vigilance, effects an eſcape with *Colombine*: on which the *Clown* alarms the family, and they all prepare to purſue the lovers.

SCENE III. —— *A Wood.*

The lovers, having fled to a neighbouring wood, are ſeen greatly fatigued: *Colombine* repoſes on a bank. *Harlequin* deplores the loſs of his ſword; when a *Genius*, on a ſudden, preſents herſelf before him, and thus addreſſes him.

RECIT. *accompanied.*

Behold the guardian of your infant day,
Who, anxious for your good,
Now comes corroding ſorrow to allay,
And thus reſtores your ſword.

Fear not, ſweet timid maid,
My ſalutary aid:
Whate'er commands I lay upon your love
Will make you happy; for, his faith 'twill prove.

AIR.

Oh! heedleſs man, my words obey;
From virtue's clue, ah! never ſtray;
For, ſhould you, in an evil hour,
Indulge a tainted thought, the pow'r
And magic art of this your ſword
No longer will obey its lord.
Come now prepare
To combat care;
And, when deſerving you ſhall prove,
The ſure reward is her you love.

Harlequin, thus repoſſeſſed of his ſword, reſumes his flight with *Colombine*.

SCENE IV.

Pantaloon, the *Spaniard*, the *Clown*, *friers*, and *ſervants*, join in purſuit of the fugitives.

SCENE V.

Harlequin and *Colombine* are ſeen ſailing in a ſmall boat, and nearly overtaken by the purſuers; but the *Genius* raiſes a ſtorm, by which the lovers eſcape, and the purſuers are wrecked.

SCENE

SCENE VI. —— *A rocky Country.*

Pantaloon, *Spaniard*, and *Clown*, with thoſe who have eſcaped the wreck, continue the purſuit of *Harlequin* and *Colombine*. The *Clown*, loitering behind, ſings the following:

Ere you go on a journey, note what's to be done,
And mind you take care of that good number one;
Be advis'd by a fool; keep ſelf in your eye:
And, whether o'er land or o'er ſea you be led,
Be ſure that you lay in a good ſtore of bread:
Blow low, blow high, oh! what a fly dog am I!

With dry bread alone you'd be ill at your eaſe,
So ſlip in one pocket ſome butter and cheeſe;
Be advis'd by a fool; keep ſelf in your eye:
And I'm ſure from my maxim you'll not diſincline,
Put in t'other ſide-pocket a bottle of wine:
Blow low, blow high, oh! what a fly dog am I!

Some chicken and ham you may add to the ſtore,
And it is not amiſs to have any thing more;
Be advis'd by a fool; keep ſelf in your eye:
And, when your wine's out, my maxim won't fail,
If you never forget a ſtout bottle of ale:
Blow low, blow high, oh! what a fly dog am I!

When

When your bottles are empty ne'er let it be ſaid,
But that, after you conquer'd, you bury'd the dead;
Be adviſ'd by a fool; keep ſelf in your eye:
Yet ſtill I've a hint, which by far is the beſt,
When you've eat all you can, then pocket the reſt;
Blow low, blow high, oh! what a ſly dog am I!

SCENE VII. —— *A Foreſt.*

Pantaloon and *Spaniard* enter greatly agitated. The *Clown* ſoon rejoins them, whom they receive with great joy, having been ſeparated from the reſt of their companions. They explore the foreſt, and conclude upon repoſing themſelves there. They are hardly aſleep, when the *Clown* is ſcared by a bear and a monkey, and he wakes his companions. *Harlequin* and *Colombine* paſs; they renew the purſuit ſo cloſely, that *Harlequin* has recourſe to his magic ſword; and, touching the ground, a church appears, into which he conducts *Colombine* and conveys himſelf. They return, accompanied by a *prieſt*, who has married them;

upon

upon finding which *Pantaloon* is reconciled, and *Harlequin* invites them to the CHAMP DE MARS.

END OF THE PRELUDIO.

PART II.——SCENE I.

Pantaloon, *Clown*, *Harlequin*, and *Colombine*, arrive at the door of a French Auberge; and, not being admitted by the innkeeper, becauſe he will not pay beforehand, *Harlequin* brings to view the inſide of it, and there, by his power, obtains refreſhment, in ſpite of the hoſt, whom at laſt they leave to regret his inhoſpitality.

SCENE II.

A view in France, diſcovering many of the peaſantry on their way to Paris. Here the populace,

populace, deeming the *Clown*'s livery a badge of his inequality, deprives him of it in the following dialogue:

Clown. What can there be
So ſtrange in me,
To cauſe this admiration?
Their pretty mugs,
Their loving hugs,
Put me in agitation.

People. 'Tis not your face,
With that grimace,
Can call forth adoration;
We only preſs,
To change your dreſs,
And make an alteration.

Clown. Sure ne'er was beau
More à-propos
Dreſs'd for the Gallic nation;
My liv'ry new,
Turn'd up with blue,
Yet all in moderation.

People. But doff it all,
For, great and ſmall
Are equal in this nation;
Arms, titles, liv'ries, they
Are for ever done away
In a total annihilation.

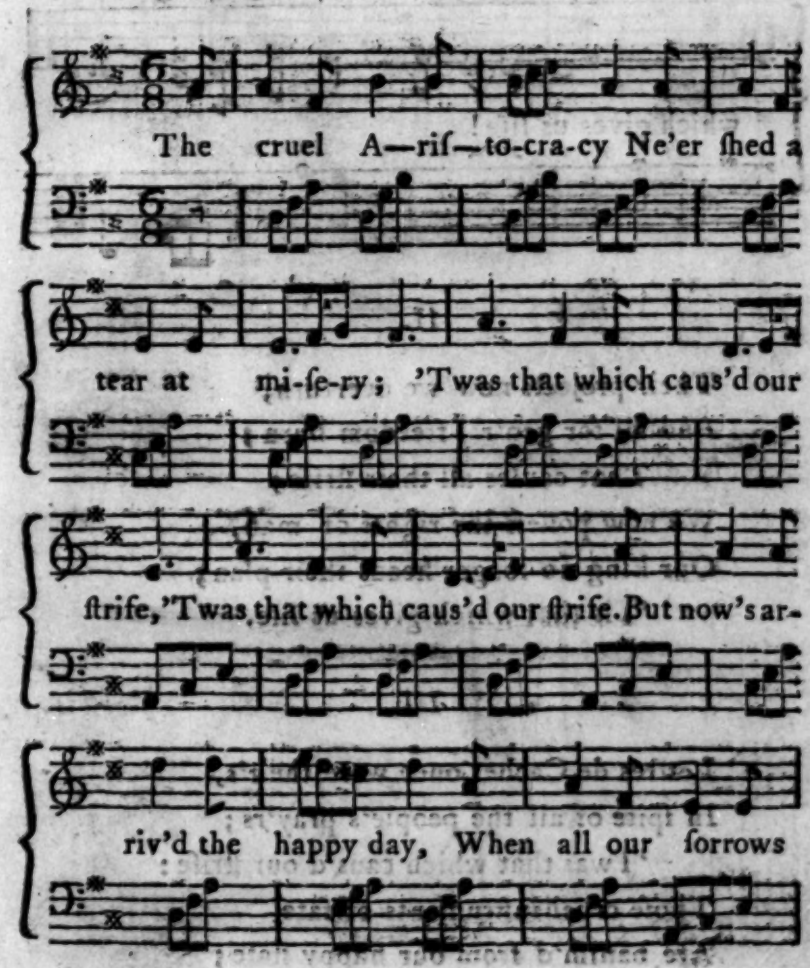
Clown. Now, by the aid
Of this cockade,
I feel my liberation:
But why not he
As well as me,
Be dreſs'd for the occaſion?

People. Be under rule,
Nor play the fool
Upon your exaltation:
But, thus equipp'd,
Of ſlav'ry ſtripp'd,
Attend the FEDERATION!

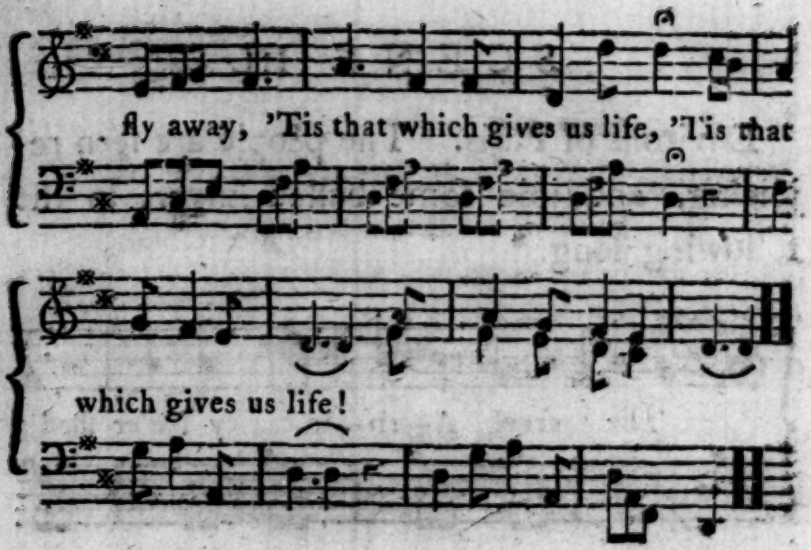
SCENE

SCENE III.

Environs of Paris. The people are ſeen rejoicing, and join ſome ballad-ſingers in the following ſong. *



* The above muſic and words were extremely popular, as were alſo the two dance-tunes in the next ſcene.



II.

Their projects now we overturn,
And all for gen'ral freedom burn;
That causes all their strife;
We now possess the rights of man,
Our king no longer heads their plan;
'Tis that which gives us life.

III.

Lettres de Cachet once were their's,
In spite of all the people's pray'rs;
'Twas that which caus'd our strife;
Those cruel instruments of fate
Are banish'd from our happy state;
'Tis that which gives us life.

IV.

IV.

In duſt are laid the proud Baſtille's
Horrific dens and tort'ring wheels,
Which caus'd the people's ſtrife;
The throne of Liberty we raiſe,
And loudly ſing in Fayette's praiſe;
He gives the people life.

V.

Then, while the national cockade
Throws o'er their plans a dead'ning ſhade,
And ends their pow'r of ſtrife;
Let us but to ourſelves be true,
Sing, Vive le rouge, le blanc, le bleu,
And quit it but with life.

SCENE IV.

A ſtreet in Paris. The peaſantry join the Pariſians; and they dance indiſcriminately to the following popular French tunes.

Ça ira, Ça ira.

Vive

Vive Henri Quatre.

SCENE V.

They continue parading the ſtreets, and a Savoyard ſings the following ſong;

Good people all, attention lend
To vat I ſay about my friend,
From de Baſtile—attendez moi—
Eſcap'd to pay you his devoirs.
Doodle, doodle, doo; pas, pas, pas, pas, pas,

He

He long did teach, throughout all France,
Toute la Nobleſſe to make de danſe:
He taught dem all—attendez moi—
To danſer, like him, le grand pas.
Doodle, &c.

Mais, grand malheur! for he, von day,
Met lettre de cachet on the way,
So to de Baſtile—attendez moi—
De clumſy bear make de faux pas.
Doodle, &c.

But ven de citizen appear,
And knock de Baſtile about his ear,
Out of de gate—attendez moi—
The cunning bear make de bon pas.
Doodle, &c.

Den you, who have ſome ſous to ſpare,
Pray don't ſorget de cunning bear;
If you but give—attendez moi—
He'll danſe, for you, de grand pas.
Doodle, &c.

After which the following invitation to the Champ de Mars is ſung by a poiſſarde.

I.

Why loit'ring here, good frier,
Why not at the Champ de Mars?
Exchange your uſeleſs beads,
Your country ſerve with deeds;
With ſpade in hand,
Come take your ſtand,
And work in the Champ de Mars.

II.

Why hanging back, poſtillion,
Why not at the Champ de Mars?
Your whip and boots, I pray,
May ſerve another day;
But pick-axe take,
For many make
Light work at the Champ de Mars.

III.

Ah! Monſieur Cook, where go'ſt thou,
Why not at the Champ de Mars?
If freedom thou wouldſt taſte,
Thy time no longer waſte;
But take a pull
At barrows full
Of work, at the Champ de Mars.

IV.

In ſocial bands united,
We work at the Champ de Mars;
We toil with cheer and glee,
Enroll'd by Liberty,
And fame's regard
Be their reward,
Who work at the Champ de Mars.

SCENE VI.

The patriots ſeen on their way to the Champ de Mars, carrying implements, &c. for the buildings there.

SCENE VII.

A party of the corps of veterans are met by a party of the infant-troop, called Les Eleves Militaires. After mutual ſalutation, the little corps greet the veterans in the following ſong.

I.

Great Cæſar, once renown'd in fame
For a mighty arm and a laurell'd brow,
With his veni, vidi, vici, came,
And conquer'd the world with his row dow dow.

II.

An infant Cæſar once was he,
And once, like us, undeck'd his brow;
If freedom but inſpire us, we
May not beat in vain with our row dow dow.

III.

Cheer up, my lads, a noble cauſe
And great occaſion call us now;
The king, the nation, and the laws,
All depend on our loyal row dow dow.

IV.

Let Cæſar grac'd with laurels be,
For dealing wide the hoſtile blow:
We're the ſons of men who will be free;
Then ſound, my brave boys, freedom's row dow dow.

SCENE the laſt.

CHAMP DE MARS.

On the right, the king is ſeated on the throne, erected by the people; on the left are the three triumphal arches, which formed the entrée of the Champ de Mars; and, in the center, is l'autel de la patrie, at which the flags were conſecrated, and the following ceremony performed.

Biſhop. Frenchmen, attend: Aſſembled to receive
What honors men to take and kings to give;
Take Liberty, by no harſh laws confin'd,
Great nature's charter to the free-born mind.

The flame of liberty, ſerene and pure,
Swear henceforth to preſerve.

King. ——————— Je le jure, Je le jure.

People. Vive la loi, vive la nation, vive le roi;
The king's the guardian of the law.

Biſhop.

Biſhop. Frenchmen, attend: Aſſembled to receive
What honors men to take and kings to give;
Swear ye the oath which gives to France new life,
And ages yet unborn ſhall bleſs your patriot ſtrife.

The flame of liberty, ſerene and pure,
Swear henceforth to preſerve.

People. ——————— Je le jure, Je le jure.

People. Vive la loi, vive la nation, vive le roi;
The king's the guardian of the law.

THE END.

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